

Judging the Gowns at the Horse Show

Worn Last Night
By Young Matrons

By Mlle. Lodewick
Evening World's Expert



MRS. S. ALFRED VANDERBILT.



MRS. S. REYNAL. MRS. HAROLD FOWLER.



MRS. R. VANDERBILT



MRS. M. H. HINES. MRS. MOORE. MRS. H. W. TREAT. MRS. J. MCLEAN

SOCIETY! JEWELS! CLOTHES! AND THE HORSE ALSO RAN!

Show at the Garden Comes Into Its Own,
With Dazzling Display in the Boxes and
Sprightly Contests in the Arena.

"There's the Amsterdam Dutch and the Rotterdam Dutch. They don't amount to much!"

But they took away the cup and begged the blue ribbon for the International Contest at the Horse Show last night. The Stars and Stripes were lowered to Holland, the American Army got second place and blushed in keeping with the red ribbon.

My word, Old Top! The Queen's Own routed! Good gall! What do they want of an army in Holland?"

"Oh, dear!" Society sighed, "and we can't talk Dutch."

The Horse Show came into its own last night. Miss Million stepped out of her box and showed she was human. She walked not alone nor unaided. She had a voice to be heard.

Mr. Million moved grandly. He turned around the boxes and the boxes buzzed with what passed for conversation. The big and little millions patted the boardwalk with well-shod feet. The black and white effect of Saturday night was left to the men.

The boardwalk and the boxes and the reserved seats were splashed with color. It was some sight.

The snow faded from Mount Fujiyama. The beauties of Japan faded before the radiance of the beauties of America. Beautiful girls in beautiful clothes; beautiful clothes on girls not so beautiful. Beautiful girls in plain clothes; also plain clothes on plain girls.

HOW THEY'LL GET 'EM OFF NOT PART OF THE SHOW.

Wonderful sight, wonderful night. Some of the gowns seemed to be washed on some of the girls; a shoe horn was used in urging them on. How they'll ever get them off has nothing to do with the Horse Show. The rainbow was tipped to pieces to get all the colors that shone down on the arena.

The boxes showed glimpses of white throats and necks, and here and there gleamed a shoulder through the folds of the opera cloaks. But they were beautiful opera cloaks, with edges of ermine.

The band played the "Vision of Scotland" and "When I Get You Alone To-night," but there was no chance to get melody alone. It was melody's busy night. Diamonds twinkled, sparkled, flashed and flared. It was necessary to lower the electric lights at one time so great was the glare. Diamonds as big as the hearts of the wearers; diamonds glimmering like the early morning dew; diamonds as many as the drops of rain; diamonds as common as dishpan in lady's cuisine.

Whatever a happy could see in a chorus lady after that! But the dear fellows must have excitement. Yes, yes. The Horse Show is only on for a week. But last night they talked and they walked and they danced and they ate. It was quite exciting, really.

THE OFFICERS TORE DOWN THE SCENERY.

But the smiles of the fair were not for the brave of the American army. The officers were brave enough, but they tore down the scenery when it came to taking the jumps. When you tear down the scenery on the course over the hurdles and stone fences it counts faults against you. Two of the dashing army boys came croppers. They took the stones out of the stone fence and showed they weren't stone fences at all.

Lieut. Stephen W. Winfree, United States Cavalry, rode his own horse, Grant. He's a nice horse, but he wasn't very nice last night. He hit the top bar over the first rail fence and then he kicked a stone out of the stone wall which was the second jump. He stumbled and threw his rider. The officer cleared himself nicely, and with the agility of a cat. That was sportsman-like and the Lieutenant won more applause for the rescue of himself than if he had won a blue ribbon.

Right on top of this came Lieut. H. R. Adair of the Tenth Cavalry, riding Fico. Fico was a little horse, but he played no favorites when it came to kicking the barriers. He hit them all. He cracked the bars of the rail fence and sent the stone fence flying over the top bar. He then threw his rider right over his head. Lieut. Adair was on his feet in a jiffy. The "Oh!" and "Aha!" and little feminine shrieks merged into a wave of applause. It was a great stunt. The girls got two heroes out of the army anyhow and, fortunately, neither was hurt.

CANADIAN HORSE PICKED THE GAP FOR JUMP.

Before the artists of the arena had the stones all put back in the fence along came Lieut. H. N. Bate of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. The fence lacked six stones of being perfect, and the Canadian horse, landsdowne, cleared the obstruction exactly, going over just where the six bricks ought to be. That got more applause—but the jump had to be made over again. Landsdowne went right over the fence again where he had gone before. But the bricks were there this time and he scattered two of them over the tankard. Oh, such fun for the girls!

The ladies had a hunting race, too. There were twenty up in side saddles, and they took to the jumps as naturally as to the latest dance from France. The lady on Willow King of the Glen Riddle Farm rode a perfect race. Her number was sixteen. Sweet sixteen! That was all that was learned of her identity, but she won every fence without a scrape.

Jack McEl. Bowman rode in the afternoon. He got a yellow ribbon for being No. 3. When they give out blue ribbons for costumes they'll hand them all to Jack. His waistcoat was as green as the glades of Killarney and his breeches were plums. His dark coat was cut on the bias, not falling away, but equaring away to the windward. He wore a collar as high as the Singer Building and his high Kelly was the hat me fatter worn in the days of the Kerry dances. Outside of that, though, he was all right.

MISS ATTERBURY'S COSTUME WAS A WONDER.

Miss H. D. Atterbury, who won a blue ribbon with Nickel Plate in the afternoon attracted a great deal of attention with her riding costume. Some one said it was patterned after Jack's, but that was only jealousy. Miss Atterbury said:

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It was her own pattern, and she called it the Nardine cut. She wore a dress hunting coat and her waistcoat showed at the top and bottom.

Miss Eleanor Sears put in her appearance, and so the show was complete. Harry Wall will not be in evidence, for he is on the other side, across the pond, you know. So the show will have to get along as best it can with its stone walls. Miss Sears was the guest of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Miss Elsie Janis also flashed on the scene. And oh, say! The Prince Pignatelli was there. You remember the Prince? The horrid customs men took him off the ship and detained him on Ellis Island. The Prince looked bored, but he said the show was better than the island.

Among others in the millions who shone resplendent in their own hand-some selves were Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Ernest Iselin, Miss Marian Hollis, pretty Miss Miriam Harriman, Miss Lelia Friedman, a blue ribbon girl; Miss Hilda Holmes, Miss Katherine Atkins, Foxhall Keene, John A. Parsons and Alfred Barnes.

SHE WAS SIMPLY WRAPPED IN HER GOWN.

A sensation came in the afternoon in the person of Eileen Kearny, an actress, who was the first woman to leave her seat in an aeroplane. She came wrapped in her wrapped suit of gray chiffon. Where it began and where it ended, that suit, is not in the province of man even to conjecture. She said it was just wrapped, wound around her, but how it was wrapped she wouldn't tell because some one a woman, of course—would copy it. Well, she was right.

The show began with the hackneys in the morning and wound up with Holland at night. These Dutchmen are sure great riders and they have great horses. But, oh! whisper, me lad! there's a secret! Thin jumpers they brought over here with them are Irish jumpers. Oh, no! No wonder, then, that they went so fast and clean for the fence and over the stones. Wurra, wurra! The Dutch and the Irish for bating the world!

A dandy horse to the honny black. A dandy rider is Lieut. Labou-riere of the Royal Holland Hussars. Together they rode in perfect tune and never touched stick or stone. The soldier rode his horse like part of it and the horse knew the game as well as the soldier.

Cap. Ben Lee Jr. of the Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., rode equally as well as the gallant Dutchman. So did Lieut. H. M. Stewart Richardson of the English Hussars and Major Joseph Kilgour of the Queen's Own Rifles.

ALL FOUR OFFICERS MADE PERFECT COURSE.

All four officers made the circuit in a faultless exhibition. So they had to go over the course a second time. Then the band played Holland's national anthem and the four officers had come all the way from Amsterdam—Mrs. H. B. Van Emdein—to write up the Horse Show went up in the air. Her heart beat for Holland and her voice cried for her countryman. And the audience stood while the band played.

To-night is another night. There will be another international contest. Will it be Holland? Will it be England or Belgium or Canada, or will the United States annex the cup?

RESPIRE GRANTED ALLENS.

Governor of Virginia Pals Off Executions Until Dec. 13.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 19.—Gov. Mann this morning granted Floyd and Claude Allen a respite until Dec. 13. They were sentenced to death in the electric chair Nov. 22 for their part in the Hillsville, Va., courthouse murders.

DEER HUNTERS IN RED.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—Hunters for deer in Massachusetts going into the woods to-day for the beginning of the open season wore red coats and caps as a protection against mistakes on the part of other hunters.

Thousands of permits have been issued in five counties in this State. The season lasts one week and each licensed hunter is allowed one deer. The records for the number of licenses in certain sections have been broken this season.

Paula Downstair and Dies.

Joseph Randall, a tailor, fifty-five years old, at No. 49 Redler street, Jersey City, fell down the stairway to-day and died immediately.

BLUE RIBBON GOWNS OF YOUNG MATRONS.

By Mlle. Lodewick.

Many young society matrons attended the Horse Show last night to see the judging of the Ladies' Hunters. One of the most popular was Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, who was most attractive in a gown of pink satin, overhung with white chiffon which was outlined round the sides of the low square neck with tiny mink fur banding. A drop shoulder line was defined in the same way, below which showed a small puff of the chiffon. Gold lace trimmed the blouse portion, also the upper part of the straight hung skirt. Her large black velvet hat, turned up on the side and front, had a black albatross shooting forward from the right of the draped crown. A beautiful red velvet wrap edged with gray fur concealed her gown some of the time.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt attracted much attention and looked most charming in a gown of white chiffon whose bodice was beautifully embroidered in crystal bugles and beads, outlined with rhinestones, while folds of white tulle were draped across the front. A deep band of the crystal embroidery glittered at her feet. The belt was of blue velvet. She wore an elegant chain of single large pearls. Her hat was quite the most becoming one seen. Of black velvet, it was shaped to tilt up slightly in the front; on the right side was a small dent. A fluffy gray and white ostrich band surrounding the crown reached to the edge of the brim.

In the Reynal box was Mrs. E. A. Reynal, wearing a gown of gray chiffon over rose satin. The bodice was trimmed with gold lace laid under the chiffon, while a band of the lace formed a panel effect down the front of the skirt, into which was draped the chiffon, leaving the rose foundation to show on the bottom. Soft brown fur outlined the medium low round neck. Her hat of rose brocade velvet, not laced but very chic, was trimmed with gray ostrich feather banding. A coat of black and gold brocade with cuffs and collar of black lynx accompanied the gown.

Mrs. Harold Fowler wore a lovely pink brocade gown, simply made and trimmed with white tulle round the neck. The belt and side tabs were of crystal embroidery. Her hat, which rolled back from the hair, was trimmed with black plumes.

Mrs. F. L. Hines wore a black velvet gown trimmed with the shoulders with heavy cream lace, the straps edged with black velvet. A square plastron of velvet, extending from the belt to the bust line and overlapping onto the lace was trimmed across with rhinestones. The short sleeves had double cuffs of black and white chiffon with small velvet buttons on the points. She wore a band of black velvet around her throat with a diamond brocade in front. A dull blue brocade hat, whose crown was surrounded with fur, completed her toilette.

In William H. Moore's box was his son and wife and Miss Katherine B. Kina. Mrs. Moore was gowned in rose chiffon velvet. The low, round ruche had a dainty trail of lace surround-

CHAUFFEUR'S WILD TEAR STOPPED BY SMASH-UP IN PARK

Cop Couldn't Halt Runabout, but Limousine Did—Lucky Scholz Unhurt.

David Scholz, who drives a taxicab for a living, was not glad to be alive this morning, although the police say he is the luckiest man in New York. All he desired was to burrow into the pillow of his bed at No. 362 West Forty-fifth street. At least that was where he said to-day that he lived.

When he was arrested for driving while drunk, smashing another automobile and his own and disorderly conduct in Central Park last night he was divided between the West Forty-fifth street address and No. 123 West Sixty-seventh street and No. 21 West Sixty-fourth street.

Scholz undertook to try out a new runabout for a friend, Barney Holte, last night. They took the car up to the Bronx, where the lubrication was fine. Also lubrication.

On their way back Policeman Haggerty stopped them and gave Scholz a summons to appear in Harlem Court to-day and answer to a charge of speeding. A trifling thing that did not bother him at all, for when he entered Central Park he increased his speed to fifty miles an hour. He preferred the left side of the road and took it. What cared he for the rules of the road?

Policeman Austin at One Hundred and Sixth street saw the car sailing down the drive like a crazy comet and jumped out to intercept it. At the same time he saw a limousine coming from the other direction.

Austin jumped back quicker than he had started forward. The little car was headed straight for him. He landed in the bushes. The car swerved in the other direction and crashed into the limousine. The driver of the limousine, Edward Kane of No. 178 West Eighty-first street, had been keeping as far on the other side of the road as possible, seeing that the oncoming runabout was running wild. He jumped before the crash.

Scholz was shot over the wheel as though driven by a catapult. He landed in a limp heap on the grass thirty feet away. Barney Holte landed beside him on his hands and knees, scrambling. The last Austin saw of him he was rushing through the bushes like a wounded deer. And for all the policeman knows he is running yet.

Kane and Austin picked Scholz up. They thought he was dead. They carried him under a lamp and Austin called an ambulance from Presbyterian Hospital. The doctor found that not a bone was broken. Scholz was not even scratched. He came to his senses while the surgeon was feeling him over and angrily demanded that he be allowed to sleep. It was too late to wake a tired man up, he said. Kane was able to go home after some scratches had been patched up.

Scholz was held by Magistrate Murphy for trial in General Sessions on his plea of guilty in the West Side Court.

CUTS HIS THROAT TWICE.

Jersey City Man Breaks Glass at Hospital for Second Attempt.

Twice within three hours Frank Yarns of Jersey City cut his own throat early to-day. The first time was in his room at his home, No. 175 Bright street, with a knife. The second time was in the Jersey City Hospital with a broken pane of glass. He will probably die.

His mother was awakened shortly after midnight by groans from his room. She found him in bed with a big gash in his throat. In the hospital Yarns was locked in the prison ward. He pried loose an iron bar, broke a window and used a piece of the glass to cut another deep gash.

He is thought to have become suddenly demented.

GIVES UP FOR \$94 THEFT RATHER THAN BE BURGLAR

Youth Surrenders to the Police Before He Adds to His Crime Record.

Rather than let his first theft lead him into a burglary that had been planned, Max Kleinman, eighteen, gave himself up at Police Headquarters early to-day. He said he believed he was wanted for stealing \$94 he had collected as a delivery wagon man for Renard & Co., milliners, No. 16 West Twenty-third street.

While waiting for a detective to take him to the West Twenty-second street station the youth told his story to Lieut. Diefenthaler. He said he was with Renard only a few days, and all the time was being told by the other employees that he could easily get away with the money he collected. Oct. 21 he quit with the \$94.

He lost the whole of it with a gang of youths he met at Houston and Eldridge streets, and then one of the gangsters took him over to a house at Grand and Roebling streets, Brooklyn, and it was agreed they would break into the house last night and blackjack and rob the occupants, a rich shoemaker.

As he thought the matter over, Kleinman said he came to the conclusion he would be best off in prison for the theft of the \$94.

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